Gluttony

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/38048317.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Gluttony, Religious Discussion, Dinner, Coffee, Will eats cake, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, feeder Hannibal, non-consensual cum eating, its in the food, Corruption, Possessive Hannibal Lecter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Seven Deadly Sins
Stats:	Published: 2022-03-30 Words: 3,125 Chapters: 1/1

Gluttony

by ElizaD

Summary

Part one of my seven deadly sins series in which Hannibal corrupts Will further.

Will doesn't feed himself enough. Hannibal decides to fill him up. With food! Get your minds out of the gutter.

Part of a series but can be read as a stand alone.

Notes

My first collection, as I'm sure you've guessed there will be seven parts.

Warning for cum eating without his knowledge.

See the end of the work for more notes

Food had always been a necessity for Will rather than a pleasure. Something that was needed to stay alive, like sleeping, breathing, not an enjoyable pastime. His Father always did his best to make sure Will was fed, even if it meant going without himself but still supper was often slightly stale toast or store brand noodles nearing their sell-by date. His only full meal was his free school meals which were often knocked to the floor or stolen by bullies who saw the skinny weird new kid as an easy target. Bolting down food in the bathroom without tasting it before hiding in the library was how Will spent his lunch hours. He was more used to the ache of hunger than the comforting feeling of being full.

Throughout higher education he continued to struggle financially and food was often lower on this list than school supplies. He was used to going without and it formed a habit that followed him into adult life. His lithe frame was not from a rapid metabolism but from forgetting to eat more than once a day, his mind too full of unappetizing thoughts. His dogs were always healthy and satisfied but there was no-one who loved Will enough to ensure the same could be said of him. Not since his Father passed away.

Hannibal had gone without as a child too, foraging for food and then fighting the other orphans to get enough. It had not formed a habit for him but instead a deep unwillingness to endure unfilling, low quality or, heaven forbid, bland food. Everything that graced his dinner table was of the highest quality and designed to satisfy his particular appetite, it was a shame the company was not always as pleasing.

He was more than capable of cooking delicious vegetarian meals, if he had to, but it was not to his taste and a waste of his other talents. He preferred guests who shared his appreciation for food, Jack Crawford was a favourite guest of, he ate whatever he was given with enthusiasm and enjoyment, as did Alana Bloom. Garrett Jacob Hobbs had provided his daughter with a more developed palate than most teenagers and Hannibal took great pleasure in expanding it further, teaching her about choosing the correct herbs to accompany each organ. Though by this point she was more family than guest.

His most frequent and favourite guest was of course Will Graham, as enticing as any meal and no doubt even more delicious. Hannibal greatly enjoyed watching him eat, such pretty lips deserved to be admired and he was always so ravenous, eating as though it was his first and last meal. It made Hannibal just as ravenous as he pictured Will spread out on his table, his own personal feast.

Hannibal had noticed the way Will ate was different than others, it made it far too easy to tell when WIll was playing mind games with him. Unless focused on something else Will ate bent over his plate as though afraid it would be taken from him, shovelling down his food without the proper time taken to appreciate the many subtle flavours. Most people who did that he would consider rude but as usual he found it endearing on Will. It was interesting and he suspected it was due to some fascinating childhood memories but Will's aversion to being analysed stayed his tongue.

He endeavoured to find every opportunity he could to feed the dear boy. Breakfasts in motel rooms and an offer of dinner after every session, as lovely as Will's slender body was, he could use some more meat on his bones. He wanted to see Will moaning after every bite,

salivating over just the thought of Hannibal's food. Savouring it, belly swollen for him. Will wanted it too, he never said no.

"Do you have a favourite meal Will?" He asked one night, handing Will a glass of wine as he finished preparing a rich red wine sauce to accompany a rude tech support worker's thigh.

"Not really, I don't think about food much. I doubt my palate is as sophisticated as yours," he said with a small smile. "Food was scarce growing up so.." he trailed off. Hannibal hid his own satisfied smile. Will was beginning to share more and more without provocation. Drawing out his secret insecurities was delightfully entertaining but being invited into Will's mind gave him a surge of triumph and the satisfaction of knowing that he held secrets no-one else did.

"Before my uncle found me I spent time in several poorly funded orphanages. The food there was not only scarce but bland," his mouth twisted slightly in distaste. "Hence my insistence on dining on only the best."

"Lucky that you're such an amazing chef."

"Luck is an illusion," Hannibal answered smoothly. "I have been practising my skills for many years and I still try to surpass myself on occasion, hence my delight in hosting guests."

"You like having guinea pigs," Will responded.

"Indeed."

"Well I'm always willing," he answered with a soft chuckle.

"I am pleased to hear it," Hannibal said with his own smile, reaching for a spoon. "Come here," it was not exactly a command but Will came to him instantly. He dipped his spoon into the sauce and held it to Will's lips. "Taste," he instructed. "Let it sit on your tongue for a moment, it is designed to be savoured." Will opened his mouth obediently, his hand came to rest on Hannibal's but he made no move to take the spoon from him. Perfect pink lips closed around the spoon, centimetres from Hannibal's fingertips. His eyes fluttered, half closing as tart fruity flavours burst over his tongue, he moaned sweetly as he swallowed before lickng his lips, savouring the taste as instructed. "Good?" Hannibal purred, expectantly.

Will nodded mutely, eyes opening. "Delicious."

"I am pleased," Hannibal responded. Something fluttered in Will's stomach at those words, his eyes darting to Hannibal's lips for a moment before looking away hurriedly. Not fast enough that Hannibal didn't notice. "Please, take the drinks into the dining room, I will be through in a moment," Will nodded and left as Hannibal plated up the food.

Before pouring the sauce over Will's serving, Hannibal checked the doorway before retrieving an unmarked jar from the fridge. He scooped out a large helping of the thick white substance and mixed it into the sauce, smiling softly to himself. There was something undeniably arousing about knowing that his bodily fluids would be nourishing his Will and it was only fitting as it was harvested with thoughts of dark curls and bright eyes. He paused for

a moment after picking up their plates then added extra vegetables to Will's plate, he'd never known Will to leave even a pea on his plate. An oddity he shared with most people, the feeling that they are finished when their plate is clean, not when their stomachs are full. Pilling his plate high was the best way to ensure Will was well fed.

As predicted Will ate it all. His vegetables went quickly but the meat he lingered over, complimenting the taste and texture and especially the sauce. Hannibal had placed a basket of warm bread on the table and took great pleasure in watching Will scoop up every drop of tainted sauce. "Thank you, Doctor Lecter, that was delicious." Hannibal smiled in gratitude. Another one of Will's more interesting traits, even outside the office it was always Doctor Lecter rather than Hannibal, very respectful. He chose not to correct him, as he always did. "I'm full," he said happily.

"A terrible shame. I have a wonderful white chocolate based dessert prepared that I hoped to try out on you," he said placidly, head cocked to one side. "I usually prefer to cook with dark chocolate but it is these new experiences that keep life from becoming dull."

"I like white chocolate," Will said with a touch of longing.

"Perhaps you would allow me to tempt you into a small serving of something sweet," he let the suggestion linger in the air, the corner of his mouth lifting when Will nodded.

The serving he returned with was not small but it was certainly tempting. A tall white slice of layered cake, the layers parted by blood red jam, covered in a thick layer of white chocolate buttercream icing and topped with strawberries slices. The dark juice of the berries dripping down the sides made it all the more tempting. "Bon appetit," he said, pacing the plate in front of Will and watching his pupils dilate as he licked his lips.

"This looks amazing," he said, looking as though he did not believe this dessert was for him. He finally took a bite, a white smear on his lips. Hannibal had to bite back a soft moan of his own as he watched Will's pink tongue dart out to take the creamy icing into his mouth, his face thoughtful as he tasted something he could not identify under the mix of creamy chocolate and the sharp bite of the fruit. Something he had never tasted before? Or something that he would never imagine being mixed in his food? Hannibal took a bite of his own to hide his triumphant expression. "Wow, tastes incredible too," he said, taking another sip of wine.

"I am glad you approve," Hannibal said pleasantly. Pleased to see Will was eating more slowly, probably due to his already full stomach. "Tell me, do you have a sweet tooth Will?" He asked, watching how Will reacted to each bite, eyes closing occasionally in delight.

"It looks like I do," he said with a laugh. "I think it's more your cooking," he added shyly.

"Thank you, but please do not ask me to reveal my secret ingredients," he purred, smile purely predatory.

"I wouldn't dare," Will said, voice low, bordering on flirtatious before swallowing the last piece of cake, eyes locked on Hannibal's. He leaned back in his chair, hand on his stomach, slightly bloated but it would fade fast. "You are a terrible influence on me," he complained with a fond smile.

“How so?”

“Gluttony is a deadly sin,” he answered, flashing back to his days as an altar boy, when could still call himself an innocent.

“If it is a sin to enjoy good food then what is the point of virtue?” Hannibal asked.

“A heavenly afterlife,” Will replied.

“So you deny yourself pleasure in this life for the sake of a possible afterlife on the orders of a hypothetical God that only last week dropped a church roof on his worshippers as they sang his praise,” it didn’t make sense the way Hannibal put it.

“So what do you suggest, Doctor?” Will asked, leaning towards him unconsciously.

“Indulge,” he answered, voice low and accent thick. “At every opportunity,” he continued, spearing the last bite of cake on his plate and holding it out to Will. “One more bite?” He challenged, delighted when Will obliged. Feeling stuffed and breathing heavily. Hannibal went to pour more merlot into Will’s almost empty glass but Will reluctantly placed a hand over it. “Worried about losing your inhibitions?” He asked playfully.

“Worried about my reaction times, I need to drive home,” he reminded him reluctantly. “Dogs,” he finished, Hannibal nodded at the excuse. Another example of Will’s reluctance to leave.

“Perhaps a cup of coffee then?” He suggested. Will nodded, eager to stay in the warmth of Hannibal’s home, and emptied his wine glass. Hannibal rose to his feet swiftly, waving Will away when he tried to help to clear the table. “Go sit in the study, I will be through in a moment.” Will obeyed, hand still on his stomach as he got to his feet and shuffled off into the richly decorated study. Much smaller than his work office it seemed darker and more intimate, cosy but not safe. A room for whispered, shameful secrets, not a judgement free space. Will usually felt more natural, or more comfortable, on his feet, exploring the unfamiliar space. He calmed himself by examining the bookshelves with titles in several languages or finding a sculpture to focus his attention on. Today was different, a comfortable heavy weight was settled in his stomach making him weary and pleasantly sleepy, the coffee was a good idea before his long drive home. He fell into one of the large chairs settled in front of a roaring fire. When had Hannibal lit that? His mind didn’t dwell on the question, didn’t dwell on anything, just peacefully floated for several minutes. The scent of leather and something earthy and masculine settled around him, soothing and familiar, not battling with his usual cologne which he had stopped wearing on the days he had sessions. Will sighed happily and slumped back against the firm back of the chair, his eyes closed and the faint taste of something unfamiliar and moreish on his lips.

Hannibal kept his composure as he placed the dishes in the sink ready to wash but his mood was celebratory. He had been uncertain of his methods that evening, rather than pushing more food into Will bit by bit he had gone straight to thick cuts of meat and the heavy sugary cake. Will had responded splendidly and Hannibal made a note to continue exploiting his sweet tooth. As the coffee machine hissed and steamed he drew out a box of shortbread, arranging several thick biscuits artfully, temptingly onto a plate. He left his own coffee black and strong

but added three spoons of dark sugar to Will's along with half a teaspoon of his seed, just enough to provide a faint aftertaste and not overpower the sweetness. He prepared an elegant silver tray and came to join Will in the warmth of his private study.

When he entered he thought Will had drifted into sleep, his eyes were closed, body settled comfortably in the embrace of the soft leather chair. His curls softed the tempting image making him look almost innocent and Hannibal's fingers itched to sketch him in this vulnerable state. Hannibal gently placed the tray on the coffee table with a soft clink and Will's eyes popped open, instantly alert. "You should wear a bell."

"And give up the element of surprise?" He raised an eyebrow. "Never," he settled back in his own chair, crossing his legs neatly. His garish patterned suit blended in with the solid dark tones seamlessly as though the room was made just to display him. Will contemplated the idea, wondering if that was Hannibal's design.

"I would never imagine you would allow eating in your office," Will said, eyeing the plate of biscuits.

"My fondness for you can be inconvenient at times," he said evenly. Will cast his eyes down, taking a sip of coffee to save himself from having to answer. He squirmed a little under Hannibal's intense gaze but could not think of anything to break the heavy silence. He was too warm and satisfied to truly be bothered by it.

The coffee was a far cry from the brown water the FBI coffee machine spat out, always too milky and not sweet enough. Hannibal's was as delicious as his meals, only the best as always. He hummed happily as the rich dark taste filled his mouth, perfectly sweetened but still bitter enough to make the sugar dusted biscuits even more appealing. "Every time I have coffee here I go home planning to buy one of those fancy coffee machines."

"And yet you don't follow through," Hannibal observed.

"I like having coffee here," he answered without thinking. His gaze fell back to the biscuits and he took a piece just to stop himself from talking. The buttery pastry crumbled in his mouth, so delicious he immediately wanted more despite the fact that his belt was now uncomfortably snug around his middle.

"Perhaps you have begun to desire company outside that of your canine family," Hannibal suggested. Will continued to chew thoughtfully, unsure how to answer. "It's a good thing," he finished warmly. Will acknowledged the reassurance with a small smile and a long moment of eye concept, something he had once been so adverse to.

When his eyes moved away they landed on the clock, a fine antique piece that Hannibal had acquired in London, a piece he suddenly had a great dislike of. His desire to keep Will with him always did not seem strange but perfectly normal, right even. Will was made to be his, why shouldn't he keep what was his with him always? "Shit, is that the time?" Hannibal flinched slightly at the foul language. "Sorry,"he gulped down the rest of his coffee with a barely audible moan, already hurrying to his feet. "I do need to go let the dogs out, they're probably panicking by now."

“They are devoted creatures,” he observed, rising gracefully himself. “Allow me to see you out,” his long strides had him reaching the coat rack before Will, allowing him to position himself in front of the door.

He held the jacket open, nodding for Will to awkwardly slip his arms in. “I would suggest you invest in a more suitable winter coat before a coffee machine,” he said, disapprovingly.

“I run hot,” Will mumbled, not noticing the quirk of Hannibal's mouth as he silently agreed.

“Do you have plans for Saturday night?” Hannibal asked.

“No,” Will said nervously, fearing an invitation to a dinner party filled with people he didn’t know.

“Then I would like to request your company for dinner. I have some recipes I would like to try out,” he paused for a beat. “Privately,”he added, voice silky smooth, coaxing.

“Um, okay. T-thank you,” Will stammered awkwardly, something about the invitation made it sound like a date rather than their usual post session meal. He found himself not minding and wanting to feel this full and happy again. “Can I bring anything?” He asked.

“Just your appetite,” Hannibal answered, with a sphinx-like smile, mentally deciding what to serve. “Are you at the FBI offices tomorrow?” He asked, still standing between Will and the door.

“Yes,” he answered reluctantly. “I have reports to write up,” he said with false cheer.

“Jack Crawford had requested a profile from me so I will be there in the early afternoon. I will bring you lunch,” he announced, not an offer, a fact. WIll mumbled an unnecessary agreement, unwilling to protest. “Until tomorrow, then.”

He finally opened the door for Will who felt a familiar reluctance to leave, not helped by the gust of cold late autumn air. “Goodnight, Doctor Lecter.”

“Goodnight WIll.”

My obedient gluttonous boy.

End Notes

Kudos and comments bring me joy and help me not to post at 2am. Feedback and requests are always very much appreciated.

The next sin will be wrath. Will's got a lot to be angry about.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!